

E L E G Y

ON THE

D E A T H

O F

The Rev. and Learned JOHN GILL, D.D. *K*

Who departed this Life October 12, 1771.

In the Seventy-fourth Year of his Age.

How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War perished!

2 SAM. i. 27.

L O N D O N:

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E. I. F. G. Y.

D. N. A. T. H.

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A N

E - L E G Y, &c.

I.

WHAT doleful tidings strike my list'ning ear,
Or wound the tender feelings of my heart?
Must the bright star for ever disappear?
Must the great MAN, the learned GILL depart?

II.

'Tis Heaven's decree, and all of GILL's remains
Lie in the tomb, and moulder in the dust,
Till the shrill trump shakes off corruption's chains,
And wakes the sleeping ashes of the just.

III.

Zion may mourn, for grief becomes her well,
To lose the man whose Heav'n instructed pen
Taught knowledge clearly, while before him fell
Gigantic errors of deluded men.

B

How

IV.

How can I aim, were all the Muses mine,
Or Milton's matchless force at my command,
To speak the man whose energy divine,
In all his works did like a bulwark stand?

V.

Mean are my efforts, and my puny strain
Dies in disgrace, attempting to arise;
Scorn calls the author more than common vain,
That aims the Saint ascended to the skies.

VI.

But grateful feelings may attempt a song
Of pensive accents, in a solemn sound,
To join the moanings of a mournful throng
Of drooping saints, who pour their grief around.

VII.

'Tis no mean person, no ignoble slave,
That prompts the tear, or heaves the lab'ring sigh;
No common saint that sinks into the grave,
Or mounts with triumph through the azure sky.

'Tis

VIII.

'Tis GILL declines, and lays his hoary head,
Where slept his Master, in the dark abode;
He left the caverns of the senseless dead,
And rose triumphant to his Father, God.

IX.

He rose the earnest of a future day,
When all the feed transported shall ascend
With songs of joy, and clad in bright array,
To meet their God, and claim the Judge their friend.

X.

No more can death their favour'd dust detain,
Nor boast his cruel ravages no more;
But all the thousands of the scatter'd slain,
Shall rise and stand on the eternal shore.

XI.

Then the dear man who spent his num'rous years
In studious labour, but delightful toil,
To guide our judgment, and to calm our fears,
Shall burst the bars, and leave his tainted foil.

XII.

Then the kind Saviour whom his works made known,
Will bid him welcome to a throne of bliss,
And with applause bestow a glitt'ring crown;
For this the portion of his people is.

XIII.

Mean-while his body to the tomb consign'd
Sleeps undisturb'd, (the weary trav'lers rest);
Yet the quick spirit cannot be confin'd,
But mounts to join the shouting of the blest.

XIV.

No dark'ning glass, no intervening cloud
Obstructs the brightness of the Saviour's face,
But in full vision all the rap'trous crowd,
Behold his glory, and adore his grace.

XV.

His heav'nly smiles create unbounded joy,
And fill with rapture th' etherial plains;
Loud hallelujahs all their tongues employ,
And grateful accents fill their lofty strains.

There

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XVI.

There we must leave them till we quit the clay,
And join the armies of the saints above;
Now mark the path,---through tribulation they
March'd bravely on, and more than conq'ers prove.

XVII.

The righteous fall, but few with serious thought
Consider this; from evil they are gone,
Their trouble's o'er, their conq'ring battle's fought,
Heav'n is the prize, and they the race have won.

XVIII.

Death calls aloud, and bids vain man prepare
To meet the coming judgments of a God;
Bids hard'ned finners tremble and beware,
Lest he destroy them with his iron rod.

XIX.

Destructive evils fly the globe around,
To blast ambition in its highest aim:
No refuge here, or hiding place is found,
To screen us from the universal flame.

The

XX.

The brave, the noble, and the learned fall,
 Nor know distinction where their honours lay;
 The splendid court, the masquerade, or ball,
 No more divert the sprightly and the gay.

XXI.

From hence may we each providence improve,
 To know the shortness of our utmost date;
 To know by faith a dying Saviour's love,
 Nor dream of safety in a carnal state.

XXII.

May all who heard the learned scribe unfold
 The heavenly system, the stupendous plan
 Of vast redemption, e'er with courage hold
 The sacred truths, nor dread the frowns of man.

XXIII.

His works will speak while passing ages roll,
 And teach the Saviour's name from shore to shore,
 And point the weary heavy laden soul
 To treasur'd mercy's inexhausted stores.

His

XXIV.

His mission finish'd, and with age replete,
 God sent his angels from the lofty sky,
 To wing him swiftly to a blissful seat,
 And shout him welcome to the realms on high.

XXV.

As when Elijah way'd his mantle o'er
 The swelling stream, dividing Jordan's flood,
 And safely pass'd (as Isra'l did before)
 To meet th' fiery car, and mount therein to God!

XXVI.

Thus pass'd our prophet into Canaan's land;
 Not by a whirlwind, but by faith he rose;
 Nor could miscarry, while Jehovah's hand
 Made clear the passage, and o'ercame his foes.

XXVII.

And may the Lord in mercy condescend,
 To give Elisha in the prophet's room,
 To be their guide, and still their constant friend
 "Till with their teacher they arrive at home.

May

XXVIII.

May blessings from the everlasting hills
 In rich abundance like an ocean flow,
 And mercy in ten thousand lovely rills,
 Make all their souls with heavenly ardour glow.

XXIX.

May they look forward to the blissful day,
 When sin and sorrow shall for ever cease;
 While death and hell with terror and dismay,
 Yields them the passage to the realms of peace.

XXX.

There they will meet the Rev'rend learned Sire,
 And free from discord, all their powers combine,
 While the loud echoes from the joyful choir
 Shout the Redeemer, and his grace divine.

Emo I : Ngol I : S. I

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

AN Appeal to the Public respecting the *Eighteen Sermons* of the Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, lately printed from the Short-Hand Notes of JOSEPH GURNEY, and revised by the Rev. Dr. GIFFORD, will be published in a few Days, and may be had *gratis* at *J. Gurney's*, in *Holborn*, opposite *Hatton-Garden*. In which will be given the Particulars of the Extraordinary Treatment the Publisher has met with from Mr. *Whitefield's* Trustees.

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met with from Mr. Whitehead's Trustees.

